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# A PROPER REPLY

To a late infamous and ſcurrilous

# LIBEL,

INTITLED,

*A* CONGRATULATORY LETTER *to a certain* Right Honourable Perſon *upon his late* Diſappointment.

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*Men of* all Sorts *take a Pride to* gird *at* ME.

FALSTAFF.

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*LONDON:*

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A PROPER

# REPLY

To a late

## Infamous LIBEL, &c.

*My L----*

YOUR L---p's Letter is far from giving me an Opinion *different* in the leaſt from what I had of you before; it abounds with that *Ill-nature* and that *abuſive Wit* for which you have been always famous, the *World* gave it to *you* as ſoon as they *read* it, and did Juſtice to you, by believing moſt firmly

what you aſſert in the firſt Paragraph, that you have as much *real Friendſhip* for the *Perſon* to whom it is *addreſſed*, as you *can have* for *any Body*.

There was alſo no Sort of Doubt entertained as to your being very well pleaſed at the R. H. Perſon's *Diſappointment*, and ſo no doubt were *all of your Party*. Men of quick Wit and warm Paſſions are apt to meaſure other Peoples *Tempers* by their *own*, and to fancy that *Diſappointments* muſt be abſolutely *intolerable*, becauſe they are *not* able to *bear* them. But from the known *Calmneſs* and *Moderation* of the noble Perſon's Diſpoſition, to whom you addreſs your *ſcurrilous Letter*, the thinking

thinking Part of Mankind were ſatisfied that nothing could give him *Concern* or *Diſquiet* in relation to that *Refuſal*, but the Part he took in the *Diſappointment* of his *Country* and his *Countrymen*.

He knew very well what *malicious People* would ſay when he was firſt mentioned for that *Poſt*, but he knew likewiſe what they had *already ſaid*; and as there was no great fear, that in all the Treaſury of *Billingſgate*, they ſhould find *fouler Language* than they had employed *before*, he gave himſelf *little Concern*, as in truth he had but very *little Reaſon*, for what they *might ſay* on this Occaſion.

In reſpect to his *Declarations*, which perhaps it may be true, were both *frequent* and *publick*, that he would *never accept of any Place*, theſe ought always to be underſtood with a *ſaving* of the *Duty* he owed to his *Country*. In the primitive Times eminent Churchmen were *far* from *deſiring* Biſhopricks, and even when they were offered them, *refuſed them* ſincerely; yet for the Sake of the *Church* they *accepted* that very Dignity which they *ſought* not for their *own*. He thought therefore, and who ſhould ſay that he *thought amiſs*; he was bound as a *good Patriot* to do as much for the *State*, as the moſt *pious Prieſt* would do for the *Church*.

*Church.* He thought, in ſhort, that the *People* had a Right to *avail* themſelves of *his Service.*

He knew, as who could know it *better*, the Integrity, Uprightneſs, and Sincerity of his own Heart; he knew, what indeed all the World knows, that he poſſeſſed, in the moſt eminent Degree, that *Virtue* which Parties, who agree in nothing elſe, *admit* to be the *propereſt Qualification* for a *Perſon* in that high *Station*, I mean *Frugality*, which never was *denied him* by his Enemies; and as he meant to take the *ſame Care* of the *Publick*, as he does of his *private* Revenues, he thought that if he had not expreſſed a Willingneſs to *accept* of this *Poſt*, he had acted

acted like a *Traytor* to his *King*, and an *Enemy* to his *Country*.

He was fully ſenſible of the Difficulties and Dangers, which muſt have attended his *Diſcharge* of that *weighty Employment*. He knew how ſtrong the *Reſentment* run of *both Parties*, but he knew at the ſame Time his *own Conduct* to be ſo *right*, that he apprehended no *ill Conſequences* from the *Anger* of *either*: He had joined with the *Tories* when he *found them* an *Oppoſition* acting upon *Whig Principles*, he *left* them when they became a *Faction* by acting upon *their own*: He knew the *Suſpicions* of the *Whigs*, but the Rectitude of his *own Mind*, would never ſuffer him to *ſuſpect*, that

that their *Ingratitude* would riſe ſo high as to *ſacrifice* the Man who had *ſaved them :* He ſought a Place with a View only to *ſerve* the *Nation*, for which, with a ſteady Reſolution, he will be always ready to *hazard* his *Honours* and his *Fortune*.

When theſe Conſiderations are well weighed, he has Reaſon to think that his *Friends* will heartily *congratulate* him at preſent on his *happy Eſcape* from ſo much Trouble and Danger ; and he makes no queſtion, but *in Time* even his *Enemies* will *condole* his *Country*, upon *what* makes your L---p ſo merry, this *great Diſappointment*.

It was a Truth known not to *him* only, but to *you* and to all the World, that *Conferences* in a certain *Cloſet*, with whatever *Honour* they were *attended*, had likewiſe ſome *uneaſy Circumſtances*. He imagines therefore that a Perſon ſo *eaſy* in his *private Station*, could not well be ſuſpected of deſiring to enter on a *publick Character*, embarraſſed with ſo *many* and ſo *great Difficulties*, from any other Motive than that of *publick Spirit*. As this inclined him to riſque whatever *Warmth* might be expreſſed by the *great Perſon* who preſides there, ſo he was willing to hope that the known *Mildneſs* of his *own* Temper would have opened to him ſome Opportunities

tunities of removing thoſe *Prejudices* which might be entertained of him from *Miſrepreſentations*, and enable him to vindicate *any Part* of his *Conduct*, which might have afforded a Handle to ſuch *malicious Perſons*, as the *Writer* of this *Letter*, to place him in a Light in which he ought not to *ſtand*. Full of theſe Hopes he flattered himſelf, that though at his *Entrance* on this *Poſt*, he might not be a *perſonal Favourite*, yet in *Proceſs* of *Time*, and by a *Series* of *Services*, he might have attained to a more *noble Character* than that of being an *uſeful M--r*.

I readily believe your L---ſhip, when you ſay you ſhould be *over-joy'd* to eſcape *Trouble*. All who

know what a Mixture of *Vivacity* and *Indolence* there is in your *Temper*, will readily think it *true*, and upon this I venture to *congratulate you*, ſince I think there is no *great Likelihood* of your being *forced* into *Buſineſs*; and I dare aſſure you, that if it *be* in the Perſon's *Power* who you have *libelled* to *prevent it*, no ſuch *Hardſhip* ſhall be put upon *you*; but you ſhall have always *Leiſure* and *Matter* enough to *employ* your *Wit* and your *Pen* in ſuch *pretty Epiſtles.*

But in the Name of wonder, how came you to mention the *Libels* of *paſt Ages* and the *preſent?* Is not the former your *peculiar Kind* of *Learning*, and

is

is not all your *Writing Reputation* owing to the *latter?* If the Perſon you *libel* was the *Patron*, you are undoubtedly the *Author* of a *Multitude* of *Papers* in the *Craftſman*. At leaſt this was the *Opinion* of the *World*, who, whenever they ſaw a *Paper* full of *Sneer*, and *void* of *Argument*, immediately gave it to *you*. There is therefore no doubt that, by altering a *few* of thoſe *Papers* in a very *few Places*, you might be able to ſuit them, ſo as to make them ſerve *afreſh* for any *Miniſtry*; and in that, I think, a great Excellency lies, ſince in all human Probability, you will be upon *bad Terms* with *all*. But as for *his part* whom you *abuſed*, he is Proof againſt *every Libel*, even

againſt yours. Permit me however to obſerve *one* Thing to you, which is this, that if Men are to be *libelled* upon *Diſappointments* of this Sort, they will be fonder of *Places* than ever, becauſe if they are to be *abuſed* whether *in* or *out*, the former is undoubtedly the *better Situation* of the *two*.

As to *C----t*, his *Sincerity* may be of the *ſame Value* with your *Good-nature*, and *his Letter* and *yours* ought perhaps to be read the *ſame Way*. But who told you that he was *truſted?* Tho' there might be a *Diſappointment* in the *Thing*, yet the *Perſon* you *aim* at, might not be *diſappointed* in *him*; for as you muſt know that there are ſome *Sort* of *People* in the

the World, from whom one is never to expect a *good Word*, ſo there are *others* from whom *good Words* are *all* that is to be *expected*. Of which *two* Sorts of People *your* L---p and the *noble L----* you have mentioned, are *moſt illuſtrious Inſtances*.

We are now to enter into the right honourable Perſon's *private Life*; in reſpect to which, give me leave to obſerve, that you are the moſt *incompetent Judge* in the *World*, becauſe *you* and *he* are of the moſt *different Tempers*; one *warm*, *active*, and *impatient*, the other *cool*, *indolent*, but withal remarkably *ſteady*; you a *Squanderer*, he an *Oeconomiſt*; you always in the *Vapours*, from your

your *own Miſmanagement* in *private Life*, and thence continually out of *Humour* in your *publick Character*; he, on the contrary, ſo *happy* from his *own right Management* of his *private Fortune*, that he *is*, and *muſt be* always concerned in *Intereſt* to prevent *publick Confuſion*.

It is no wonder that a *Perſon* thus utterly unqualified to *judge* of the *other Perſon*'s Actions, and at the ſame Time burning with an *impatient Deſire* of *blackening* every *little Circumſtance* of his *Conduct*, ſhould write as *you do*. What was there in his Diverſions at *Richmond*, that could provoke any other Man's *Satyr?* He diverted himſelf there in a *frugal Way*,

*Way*, becauſe he hates *expenſive Diverſions*; you, on the contrary, have diverted yourſelf *ſo long*, at ſo monſtrous an *Expence*, that having *jaded* your *Body*, *worn out* your *Fortune*, and ſet your *Spirits* into a *high Fret*, the only *Diverſion* you can now *take*, is in *writing* ſuch *malicious Letters* as theſe. As to his *Converſations* with Mr. *O----d*, what *Harm* was there in them? You will inquire immediately, What *Good* was there in them? Why, really, a great deal: They turned, generally ſpeaking, on *Points* of *Law*, the Nature of *Conveyances*, the *Value* of *Securities*, the Means of *ſetling Eſtates*, ſo as to prevent there being ever *torn* from a *Family*, and the Means of *breaking* ſuch

*Settlements*

*Settlements* when made by *other People.* This afforded the *one* an Opportunity of *ſhewing* his *great Knowledge*, and gave the *other* occaſion to turn his *Diſcourſe* on ſuch *Topicks* as derived to him all the *Benefits* of that *prodigious Knowledge*, without being a *Penny* out of *Pocket* for *his Opinion.* But, ſeriouſly, the *Entertainments* at *Richmond* were truly worthy of a *Patriot*; there you might have ſeen the *richeſt Man* in *England*, living, in all *Reſpects*, like a *private Country Gentleman*, the ableſt of our *political Orators* amuſing himſelf with *merry Jokes* in a familiar Converſation, and the *Perſon* ſuppoſed to be ſtruggling for the *P-----M-----ſhip*, ſitting a quiet

*Spectator*

*Spectator* of a *Cricket-Match* on the *Green.* What *Moderation*, what *Modeſty*, what a *Mixture* of *Ambition* and *Indolence* was there!

You are certainly much *exhauſted*, when you threw into your *Libel* his ſpending now and then a *Summer* at a *Friend's Houſe*, with that *pitiful Reflection* of ſetting up again his *old Trade* with his *Poulterer.* A Man that loves *ſhooting*, muſt naturally like *living* ſometimes *here*, ſometimes *there*; and the very Nature of his *Exerciſe*, ſhews ſufficiently that he could create *no great Expence* wherever he *lived.* Lord *L---ll* might indeed find *fault* with *this*, becauſe for a *Summer*

or *two* he was at the *Charge* of *Powder* and *Shot*, and might have ſuggeſted a *Draught* upon the *Poulterer* to be a *proper Satisfaction*; but what have you *to do* with that? or with any other of his *innocent Recreations?* You have a *Right* to choſe your *own Pleaſures*, and have *exerciſed* that Right *pretty freely*; but you have none to dictate to *him*. And here again let me remark that *Oppoſition* in your *Characters*, which is the *true Source* of all *your Spleen*, I believe it would puzzle a *Bank Accomptant* to determine whether you *laviſh*, or he *ſaves*, *moſt* in a *Summer*.

*Grants*

*Grants* from the *Crown*, and *Lottery Tickets*, are both as much out of *your Way* as they are *in his*; and this it was that put thoſe *Objections* in your *Head*; but it is one thing to have a *Power* of *commanding* ſuch Favours when they are *not wanted*, and another to *want them*, and not have any *Title* to *command them*; and here, as in moſt other Caſes, though the *Wit* is on *your Side*, the *Wiſdom* lies on *his*.

You are in the *right* to applaud the *ſocial Pleaſures* of a *private Life*, and the *Joys* reſulting from the *prudent Management* of a *Family*, becauſe you *taſte all this at Home*. But

when you condeſcended to mention a *ſerene* C----ſs, was not a certain *ſtupid* C-----ſs in your *Head?* And then again, this *immenſe Fortune* of *another* Man's, ſeems to *embarraſs* you as much as your *own.* If a Lady is ſo *kind* as to bequeath a Gentleman a *conſiderable Eſtate* out of pure Gratitude for the *Services* done her, would you have him *refuſe it?* If a *Demand*, that was made without either *Proof* or *Probability*, was not *complied* with, do you call it an *Injury?* Or the *Eſtate* which you ſay was *given back*, can you *deny* that it has fallen into *worſe Hands* ſince? Alas! alas! what an *Age* do we live in, when a *Man* of *Wit*, not content with ſlighting *com-*

*mon*

*mon Senſe* and *Oeconomy* in his *own* Way of *living*, thinks he has has juſt Grounds to be angry with *Prudence* and *right Management* in another Man's. Where is the *Juſtice*, where the *Wiſdom*, where the *Honour* of ſuch kind of Reflections? Conſider this, and be rather aſhamed for *yourſelf* than *him*.

As to an *independent Station*, your *Letter* is the ſtrongeſt Proof that the Man you are ſo *angry with* enjoys it. This, whatever your *pregnant Parts* may enable you to *ſuggeſt*, is a moſt *comfortable* Thing: As he *will*, ſo it is certain he *may* do what he *pleaſes*. If he *agrees* with a *Court*, he will always be *conſidered by them*;

*them*; if he *diſagrees* with a *Court*, his *Loſs* will be always *regretted*. Is ſuch a *State* contemptible? Is it like to be *unenvied*? Will it be *envied* only by the *meaneſt of Men*? What then muſt be *ſaid* or *thought* of the *Man* whoſe *Envy* put him upon writing *ſuch a Letter*?

Your *Sneer* as to not *attending* great *Employments*, is very *arch*; but, with your good leave, *Non-Attendance* is a ſtrong Proof that a Man is not over-heated by *Ambition*, or the *Love* of *Power*: And if the *publick Buſineſs* does not ſuffer by ſuch a *Neglect*, it does not ſeem to merit the *Aſperſions* you have thrown in your *Letter*. A Man who does not think

*try Diverſions*, *addicted* to the *frugal Management* of a very great *Eſtate*, and ſomewhat *careleſs* of the *higheſt Honours* that a *Subject* can *poſſeſs*, it is very likely that, if ever he *pretended* to ſuch a *Poſt*, it was out of *mere Regard* for his *Friends*; your very *Letter* ſhews that he could have *no other Motive*. Your *Raillery* therefore on this *Subject* is all *thrown away*, and your only Excuſe muſt be, that as a *great Wit* you may be allowed to have a *ſhort Memory*, and no *great Strength* of *Judgment*.

You are pleaſed to give him a little *good Advice* as to what he ought to *ſay* to his *Friends* upon this *Occaſion*; but in truth I think

that

think the *Court* always in the *Right*, or the *Oppoſition* always in the *Wrong*, will with *diſintereſted People* as ſoon paſs for a *Patriot*, as one who has a *Talent* of *ridiculing* other Folks in *his Speeches*, as he has of *rendering* himſelf *ridiculous* by his *Actions*.

As to the Number of *his Friends*, which you would inſinuate to be but *few*, I dare ſay he may *poll* them againſt *yours*, and be a *Gainer* upon *any Occaſion*. But if there be *any Truth* in what is ſuggeſted in another *Part* of your *Letter*, the *Sneer* in this Part muſt be *abſolutely groundleſs*: For if *him* you would *libel* is ſuch a *Man* as you elſewhere deſcribe him, *fond* of *Coun-*

*try*

that might have *been ſpared*, ſince I dare ſay all who know *you both* will *allow*, that on any *ſerious Subject* (as you admit this to be) he has as *much to ſay* for himſelf as *you have* with *all* your *Parts*. His *Friends* and *himſelf* will behave in *Conſequence* of this *Affair* like *Men* of *Steadineſs* and *Weight*; there will, I dare ſay, appear, no *Starts* of *Paſſion*, no *haſty revolting* from what they before *maintained*, no *inconſiſtent Reproaches*, on account of what at the *Bottom* is perhaps *really conſidered* as a *Favour* rather than an *Injury*.

The next *Paragraph* of your *Letter* belongs to *another Man* with whom you were many Years

in *close Connexion*, and to his *Resentments* I *leave* it. You treat him as a Man *lost* in *Capacity*, as well as *Sincerity*, and yet you give him the *greatest Weight*, where, for the *Sake* of your *Country*, you ought to wish he *had none at all:* You sport with *that Name* which ought to be mentioned with *Awe* by every *good Subject*, and who, independant of every other *Consideration*, might claim a *peculiar Share* of *Deference* from *one* he once honoured, with his *private Friendship:* But you *run* at *all*, and what Wonder? Your *Spleen* has *run away* with *you*, and conscious you are like *never* to *be great*, the sole Resource of your *Wit* is *lessening* other Men.

I am now come to the *End* of a very tedious Task, impoſed by a very *trifling Performance*. You had a mind to give the *World* an *Inſtance* of your *boaſted Abilities* in *Writing*, and therefore you will naturally pardon a *Paſſion* of the *like Kind* in *me*, perhaps to little Purpoſe in *both*. I wonder you ſhould chuſe to talk of *Sirnames*, ſince I am much at a *Loſs* to *gueſs* what of that Kind your own *Wit* and *Vanity* put together, could find *out* for *yourſelf*. Where are your *Triumphs* in *State*, or in *War*? when *were* you, when *are* you like to be *victorious*? who was ever *overcome* by you? But a Man of your *Learning* muſt know, that the

*Romans*

*Romans* ſometimes borrowed *Sirnames*, or rather *Nicknames*, from their Defects. *Scipio*, if I am rightly informed, ſignifies no more than *a Staff*, and *Cicero* a *Chick Pea*: In this Senſe you might, from the moſt notorious of your *great Abilities*, be ſtiled SCURRA, which I leave you to *tranſlate*, with this additional Memorandum, That whatever in your *great Goodneſs* you are pleaſed to *think* of *another Perſon*, the World in general eſteem you to be at once THE WITTIEST AND THE WEAKEST OF MEN, and much *good* may do *you* with *ſuch* a *Character*.

*I am,*

*My L---*

*Your obliged humble Servant.*